

One Daily Movie Magazine

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK



THEODORE KOSLOFF

We will be glad to publish the picture of such screen players as are suggested by the fans

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

De Luxe Annie writes: "I've succeeded too. I simply couldn't resist any longer. I just want to tell you what a perfectly fascinating, delightfully candid, deliciously amusing letterbox you edit. Got your breath yet? I really mean it, though. Would you believe it, I never had the least interest in movies, actors or actresses until I began to read your letterbox? For the last two or three years, yes, I'm an old-timer, you see, like you (self) I have been bored to death by film and fanettes raving about her 'beauty' and 'his eyes' etc. I never caught the disease until I began to read your letterbox. It happened that I came in just after the Valentino controversy and not knowing that it was all about a made up mind and a worn-out I have become a movie fan."

my pet corns—I mean fanettes—in that letter of yours. And you did it so sweetly and interestingly that I haven't the heart to get really sore. In the first place you couldn't have picked a better subject to start a fight than to run down "Peter Ibbotson." Guess you haven't been reading the Letter Box very regularly or you'd have seen that I spoke of it as the "perfect picture" and one of two leading the van in 1921. And I wasn't referring to the acting or photography, either, though they were splendid. It was the story, Du Maurier's story, fascinating to read, unforgettable on the stage, and decidedly well done in pictures. If the films don't have imagination—like Heaven help them. What you speak of as "heresy," however, pretty nearly coincides with my own idea. I have my own ideas on this great Master of Houdini recently. As for Mae Murray—ye gods, as Billy Baxter would say—"I won't let loose again. And, again, on the subject of "Carmen." My original opinion was only confirmed when I saw the recently issued condensed version; it is one of the best adaptations of a famous novel, play or opera I have ever seen, and that "sordid" you speak of was one of the high lights, since that hits off Meriemo's character. I'm sure I don't know when Wally is going back to "his old trailer," but I hope not for a long time. That last is merely a matter of book-ings. And I didn't say that I lived at the shore in summer. I said "the wife of Wagner, Madame Jeritza took mention the place after that because the people of Delancey are very sensitive and wouldn't like that word "wilds."

"You said you wanted an argument—so here goes. Didn't you think that "Peter Ibbotson" was the most nauseating picture you've ever seen—no, I'm not asking just looked at it with that sort of far-away gaze and exclaimed, "Why, it was absolutely wonderful!" Now would you give me your opinion? I thought the photography and acting were perfect. Wally was at his best (but say, how do you like his hair—do you call it "the hair of the dog that bit you"?) but seriously, don't you think that this general lack of a decent plot is one of the most disappointing features of all the movies? I always go to see a picture with the same feeling with which I pick up a book—with the expectation of a good story and character giving a good interpretation of the plot, but not overlooking the fact that you see this in the movies? Seldom, if ever. No expense or time is spared in giving elaborate settings; only veritable Apollon of the leading parts, often regardless of their capabilities as actors; while the photography is nearly all cases is marvelous. Yet why, oh why, they neglect the very element on which the whole revolves—the story itself? Oftentimes all the above careful considerations are taken for a threadbare plot, stuck together somehow by reminders in the way of a line of explanation thrust in now and then. "The Four Horsemen" merited such deserving praise. Why? Because it was built on a firm foundation, a unified, well-organized plot. Why not choose actors with a view to their talents as actors, and not because they have beautiful hair, charming smiles or nearly teeth? Why not let the plot play a bigger part in the picture? Make the title mean something. One sees "What Every Woman Knows" and it may be about the price of eggs or what not. "I suppose that I am uttering heresy when I say that I don't like Griffith's pictures at all. You know, I think the "World" he made a hit with tragedy, but ye gods, why shove it at us wholesale? Did you like "Dream Street"? Ugh! Too drab for words. Don't you think that his pictures were mere melodrama—to be candid—soh stuff?"

"You don't seem to like Mae Murray—est ee ease? And why not? I think she has great possibilities, but I will admit they are rather undeveloped as yet. But isn't she graceful? And in "Peacock Alley," for being able to speak in broken French, she certainly slipped into some very idiomatic English. And did she bring her house over from Paris on the boat? I'd recognize that dress tiling in a bazaar."

"What did you think of Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen"? I never hope to see such a sordid picture! Can't she be a tough nut when she wants to be? By the way, when is Wally coming back to his old racer?"

"I was looking forward with great pleasure to seeing Nazimova in Ibsen's "The House of Bernarda Alba." Unfortunately I missed it. Do you think there is any possibility of returning to town? Can you tell me why those pictures that we saw at the shore (I believe you you summered there) never come to the city? One of the best pictures I ever saw was the one I remember you called "A Kiss in Time." It was really clever. Do you remember who was the leading role? I'm a cynic, really I'm not. "Sailor Made Man," "Connecticut Yankee" were wonderful. I hope you are not tired by this long letter and that you may get to answer it. Thanks a lot!"

Senorita—Address Alma Rubens, care of Pioneer Film Company, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. It was the Metro company which produced "The Four Horsemen." Address them at Hollywood, Calif. No, Valentino doesn't wear a patent-leather wig, but it does look like it, doesn't it?"

Norma Fan writes—"I have been an interested reader of your page for some time and have enjoyed it very much. Some nights the letters published are too silly for words. But a letter like that published February 22 was worth reading except for one point, and that you personally did not like—the attack on Norma Talmadge. She is my favorite actress, so much so that I have named my tiny daughter after her. I half-crouched against the door, and pictures? Little Norma would pass as her daughter in pictures very well, and I hear it is hard to get baby actresses who look like the stars. I would gladly let her take the part if ever time came. I personally have been told everywhere that I go that I also look like Norma Talmadge."

"For instance, in "Footlights," Elsie Ferguson, having resigned as hostess, disappears in the lake, dressed in a fantastic bathing suit. They showed a dark space of water with bubbles rising to the surface. Then the next minute she is shown coming into a restaurant wearing a knitted cape and a tweed tan and skirt. How did she get there? Where did she change her clothes? These are the natural questions raised and they amuse the audience."

"How long must we go on seeing films when such fluffs are so plain to see? Are the directors themselves so dense they themselves cannot see such glaring errors? I could go on raving about mistakes in movies until you were so tired, that I will close with one question: Is there a School of Photoplay Writing a good one?"

(My memory of the details of "Footlights" is not perfect, but I do not call the mistake you mention. It seems to me that it was clearly shown Parsimova had made all preparations for her surprise drawing and the resignation of Lizzy Parsons. I know that impression was so clearly made on me that the change of clothes left no question in my mind, and I am pretty keen at spotting these mistakes, too. I have no personal, direct knowledge of the school you mention, but I have heard several very favorable reports about the school. Miss Beulah Livingstone, 1540 Broadway, New York?)

AGNES AYRES HAS A MOTHER WHO HATES VILLAINS

MOTHERS are funny persons. They just won't understand. For instance, that the fellow who is meant to their girl might, under certain circumstances, be a really decent sort of chap. The other day Agnes Ayres' mother came on the set of "The Ordinal" just as the star and Clarence Burton, as her worthless husband, were going through a very, very rough scene. Burton wasn't treating the poor girl right at all. But of course, that's his business, and in real life he's a happily married man, who ducks, has a dog who loves him "in everything."

But after the scene was over Mrs. Ayres just wouldn't have a thing to do with Burton. She left him flat—although ordinarily she is a sweet elderly person who is kind and nice to every one. "I don't think you ought to see much of that Mr. Burton," she solemnly advised Mrs. Ayres. "I think he's the most terrible, brutal man I've ever seen. And no amount of arguing has served to change the fond maternal judgment that Burton, the real man, must be just as awful as Burton the actor, who makes his money by 'playing' 'em mean."

"The Ordinal," in which Mr. Burton appears with Miss Ayres, is adapted by the famous W. Somerset Maugham. Paul Powell is directing.

JERITZA IMPARTS NOVELTY TO "TOSCA" PERFORMANCE

Dresses Role Differently From Predecessors and Originates "Business" If you can imagine the staidness and visual loveliness of Emma Lange, as her mother, and the Latin fervor of Carmen Melis and the dramatic range of Emmy Destinn, all suffused with the original personality of a very individual singing-actress, you will gain an idea of the Florida Tosca which moved and had its being, above all which lived, on the stage of the Academy of Music last evening.

As incarnated by Maria Jeritza, the new prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the heroine of the Puccini operization of the Sardou melodrama broke the bonds of past performances with its spontaneous spirit and touches of novelty. Seen here before only in the somewhat colorless, denoted subtly yet distinctly and in this first opportunity to show both the range and the capacity of her genuinely varied and moving art. Her earnestness, her eagerness to hear from her professor's frigidity. But her communication of hot-blooded Italian ardors, such as were redundant in the impersonation of Carmen, was always under control. The novelties of her performance were many in small bits of business. In bigger things she dressed the role differently, using flowing gown and shades, relinquishing the familiar mantle and the familiar ribboned staff, which became conventional, and wearing veils instead of sweeping hats, her markedly blonde hair, undisguised by the conventional dark wig. She sang the "Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore," in a totally different manner from that of her predecessors; disheveled and thrown headlong to the floor by Scarpia, she put all the movement and the passion of the moment into her voice, singing half-crouched against the divan. Throughout the action of the lyric-drama Madame Jeritza acted consistently, so that one felt her next proceeding was inevitable as a consequence of

what had gone before, and was after the prima donna, but always the tragic actress. Yet this does not, even by implication, mean any deduction from her superb singing. Her voice, of lovely quality, as revealed in her Elza, is rich in dramatic values and rises finely to climaxes. She gave the prayer with lovely lyrical effect and sang throughout with general freshness of inspiration. Just how does she compare with Miss Farrar will doubtless concern many minds, since she is to take over the latter's role when she retires at the end of this season. She does not suggest Miss Farrar at all. Farrar is Farrar and she is Jeritza. Jeritza, who satisfied the opera-goers last night, on the evidence of the big ovation accorded her at the end of the second act, that the roles of Miss Farrar will be in most excellent keeping. And last night's verdict means something, as the house was packed and many prospective seat buyers were turned away.

Orville Harrold, broadened in his art over the old Hammerstein days, was the Mario. The dramatic music proved capably suited to the actor, who sang, and if he was at times theatrical rather than dramatic in his acting, he made a most satisfying foil to the prima donna. Time apparently has touched Antonio Scotti lightly in the mass effect of his Scarpia. His polished art served to conceal the wear of the years on his tones, and of course his impersonation of the Roman Prefect left nothing to be desired from the acting standpoint. Ruthlessness and insidiousness were again depicted subtly yet distinctly and in the ironies of the character were almost chillingly realized. Giuseppe Ambroschek made his local debut last evening in the role of the central co-operation that worthily, and sometimes inspiringly, fitted the classic Scarpia of Scotti, the effective Mario of Harrold and the very real glories of Jeritza's Tosca.

MARY GARDEN'S "SALOME" WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE

Exotic Strauss Opera Given Marvellous Presentation by Chicago Opera Company

THE CAST: Riccardo Martin Herod; Eleanor Reynolds Salome; Hector Dufrance Herodias; Josephine Brown Herodias; Five Jews—Joseph Molloy, Louis Oliviero, Josephine Brown, Louis Oliviero, Josephine Brown; First Samaritan—Virgilio Lazari; Second Samaritan—Eleanora Costello; Third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Tenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eleventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twelfth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirteenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fourteenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifteenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixteenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventeenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighteenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Nineteenth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twentieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Twenty-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirtieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Thirty-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fortieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Forty-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fiftieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Fifty-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixtieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Sixty-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Seventy-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eightieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Eighty-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninetieth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-first Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-second Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-third Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-fourth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-fifth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-sixth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-seventh Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-eighth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; Ninety-ninth Samaritan—Constance Smedley; One hundred Samaritan—Constance Smedley.

Mary Garden is credited with making the final performance of "Salome" the most wonderful performance of the season.

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which she gave in New York at the end of the season of the Chicago Opera Association there was the best she had ever given anywhere. But if it in any manner surpassed last evening's performance of the super-emotional Strauss opera it must indeed have been a wonder. "Salome" is one of the shortest operas in the repertoire, and it is well that this is so when Miss Garden plays it, for the auditor can hardly stand more than two hours of the intensity with which every moment of "Salome" is filled—musically by the composer and dramatically by Miss Garden. It almost seems as if in the composition of the opera Strauss had the interpretation of Miss Garden in mind, so perfectly did she fit music and action together.

The opera is primarily a play of every possible emotion on the part of Salome, contrasted in the highest possible degree with the single religious emotion of Johanaan. In these strongly diverse roles Miss Garden and Mr. Dufrance were ideally cast, and in this connection it is interesting to note that they played the same parts against each other at the Metropolitan Opera House exactly thirteen years ago tonight under the Hammerstein regime.

The opera stands unique in several essentials. It is one of the few modern operas which has a single role by which the work may be made or destroyed. With Miss Garden in the character it is marvelous not only in its completeness but in the evolution of emotion with which she develops the part. The audience imagines the climax reached when Herod grants the reiterated request of Salome for the head of Johanaan, but the action of Miss Garden reveals that the actual climax does not come until the close of the opera, as it properly should. Never was a series of emotional climaxes built up in Philadelphia as were those of the gruesome opera of last evening by this wonderful singing actress, or acting singer, culminating in a scene which seemed to leave the audience half stunned and reeling in very moderate applause instead of the wild enthusiasm which should have greeted one of the most remarkable dramatic performances which Philadelphia has ever known.

Miss Garden was the whole show—with one important exception—Hector Dufrance. She was in wonderful voice, as was evinced by the ease with which she took the terribly dissonant and voice-wrenching melodies of Strauss, with their impossible intervals and sudden dynamics. The composer has written the role with a blithesome disregard of vocal possibilities and effects, with one important exception—Hector Dufrance. She was in wonderful voice, as was evinced by the ease with which she took the terribly dissonant and voice-wrenching melodies of Strauss, with their impossible intervals and sudden dynamics. The composer has written the role with a blithesome disregard of vocal possibilities and effects.

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not only with ease but artistically, with a rhapsody in certain parts which carried a conviction that would have been sacrificed by mere vocalization. Mr. Dufrance's presentation of Johanaan carried the role to its utmost limitations. Both he and Miss Garden had advanced artistically with the years, as those who remember the presentations of thirteen years ago can testify. He made the part exactly as it should have been—conviction of the right and a willingness to die for it, without fanaticism. His characterization was full of dignity and his vocal work was exactly suited to the extremely religious character of the role.

Riccardo Martin was a splendid Herod. His acting of a difficult part was all that could have been wished and vocally he was much the best that has sung the part here. His characterization of the half-crazed king left nothing to be desired. The minor parts were all well taken. But something seemed to be the matter with the audience. The appearance of Miss Garden was not greeted with the applause which might reasonably have been expected on the first entrance of one of the greatest operatic artists of the world, and Mr. Polacco was also welcomed with a modicum of applause. But the close of a performance which had run the entire gamut of human emotions might well have been expected to be more enthusiastic than it was. Perhaps the ardor of the ensemble had swept the audience off its feet and the dramatic horror of the ending had left the hearers in a contemplative rather than in an enthusiastic mood.

Sits for New Police Station Mayor Moore yesterday signed the ordinance providing for the purchase of ground at Fifteenth street and Lancaster avenue as a site for a police station. By agreement with Councilman Frankendorf it was decided to repeal the ordinance of 1919 providing for condemnation of ground at Forty-ninth street and Lancaster avenue for the station. Mr. Frankendorf will introduce the ordinance in Council tomorrow.

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